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WAGNER ON GLUCK'S OVERTURE TO IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

IN a letter to the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, subsequently incorporated into the fifth volume of his "Collected Writings," Wagner recounts how, during his exile at Zürich in 1854, a friend requested him to give a specimen of Gluck's music at one of the winter concerts directed by him there. Being averse to giving an act of one of Gluck's operas at a concert, and without scenic accessories, there remained to him but Gluck's most complete orchestral work, the overture to *Iphegenia in Aulis*. Wagner writes: Even here I was met with a difficulty at the outset. This overture, the last bars of which lead directly to the first scene of the opera, has no proper ending. Yet I remembered to have heard it played at concerts in my youth, as well as subsequently at Dresden under the direction of my then colleague Reissiger, as an introduction to the *Iphegenia in Tauris*, with an ending furnished by Mozart. That it always left upon me a cold and indifferent impression I could not forget; nevertheless, I attributed this to an entire misconception of the *tempo*, of which, even in those early days, I had my suspicions, and which has since become clear to me, as well as in part to Mozart's ending. I accordingly made trial of the overture, with Mozart's ending, at one of our orchestral rehearsals. Beyond the first eight bars of this appendage I found it impossible to proceed, feeling myself at once convinced that this ending of Mozart's, if not both unsatisfactory in itself and inappropriate to the peculiar ideas of Gluck's overture, is entirely out of place when played in the same and the correct *tempo* of the foregoing portion of the work. It is about this *tempo*, which, according to my experience, is to be regulated in the following manner, that I now wish to speak.

The conventional cut of all overtures, especially those to serious operas of the last century, consisted of a short introduction in slow time, followed by a longer and quicker movement. One has been so accustomed to this that in Germany, where for a long time Gluck's *Iphegenia* was not performed, the overture, which alone served for concert purposes, came likewise involuntarily to be treated in this conventional manner. It is quite true that the work consists of two distinct movements, of essentially different *tempi*—viz., a slow *tempo* as far as the nineteenth bar, and thence onward one just as quick again. But it was Gluck's intention that the overture should directly introduce the first scene of the opera, which opens with exactly the same theme as the overture; in order therefore that there should be no interruption in the *tempo* up to this point, he wrote the *allegro* movement in notes of half the value he would have employed if he had designated the change of *tempo* by "*allegro*." This becomes evident to every one who looks further into the score, and considers the scene in the first act between the rebellious Greeks and Calchas; here we find exactly the same figure written in quavers, which in the overture appeared in semi-quavers, but with the *tempo* marked "*allegro*." Several times the chorus has to pronounce a syllable to each of these quavers—a proceeding very suitable for the rebellious hosts. With slight modification, conditional on the character of the remaining themes, Gluck adopted this *tempo* for the *allegro* of his overture; but, as already stated, with a different notation, in order to retain for the last bar the original "*andante*" to which it recurs at the close of the

overture. Further, there is not a trace of a change of *tempo* indicated in the old Paris edition of the score, but the "*andante*" with which it commences is maintained unaltered throughout the whole of the overture right up to the beginning of the opening scene.

This peculiarity in the notation was overlooked by German conductors; and accordingly where the shorter notes commence, at the last beat of the nineteenth bar, it became their habit to introduce here the customary quicker *tempo*, so that at last the wrongly adapted "*allegro*" crept into the German editions of the overture, and from them was probably copied into the later French editions. How incredibly disfigured Gluck's overture is when played at this too rapid pace, he who has taste and perception will immediately be able to judge, when he has once heard it played at the proper pace intended by Gluck, and compared the effect of this with the trivial and confused noise formerly presented to him as Gluck's masterpiece. That he has not always been sensible of this, that it has not always been apparent to him that this highly-prized overture, which indifferently, and without meaning, could be made to serve as the introduction to quite another opera (which could not have happened if it had been rightly understood), must have quite a different signification, can only be made plain to him from a general perception of the fact that from our youth up we drag about with us such a preponderance of respect for authority, which in the course of education has been repeatedly impressed upon us, and finally passively acquiesced in, that at last, when our feelings are directly determined by impression, and we have scared the phantom from us, we can scarcely comprehend how we could ever have regarded this as essential, real, and genuine. Nevertheless, there are many happy individuals who, unaffected by such impressions, and blind to the truth, hold their feelings in check to such a degree and are able to keep each involuntary determination of them, occasioned by new phenomena, at such a distance from themselves, that they pride themselves on ignoring any fresh discoveries resulting from the experience of others, preferring to remain as they are, or as they were at some former period of their development. Of this I will give an instance, arising out of the revival of Gluck's overture.

On the occasion of my preparing a stage performance of the very rarely heard *Iphegenia in Aulis* for the Dresden Theatre, I sent for the old Paris edition of the score, in order that I might not fall into error through certain arrangements of Spontini's in the Berlin score which I had at hand. From this Gluck's original intentions with regard to the overture became clear to me; and by having thus attained a correct conception of the *tempo*, I became at the same time sensible of the extreme and inimitable beauty of the work, though formerly, as I have already stated, it always left a cold impression upon me—a fact upon which I naturally then never ventured to dilate. I consequently saw also the necessity of adopting quite a different style of performance. I recognised the massive breadth of the unisonal passages, the splendour and energy of the following violin phrases, as well as the powerful effect of the ascending and descending scales of the basses; more especially I comprehended for the first time the meaning of the tender passage:



together with the touching charm of its latter half:



which formerly, when scampered through at double the pace, in an expressionless manner—as could not be otherwise—had always impressed me as a ridiculous and meaningless flourish. The excellent band, which already at that time had learnt to place implicit confidence in me, though at first embarrassed and surprised at my innovation, coincided with my opinion. Their splendid execution of the overture formed a worthy introduction to the careful and life-like representation of the whole work, which of all Gluck's operas given in Dresden won for itself the most popular—i.e., the least affected—esteem. Nevertheless, I met with singular treatment from the critics, especially from Herr C. Banck, at that time the chief of those resident in Dresden. What he had not heard before—viz., the whole opera—given after my manipulation notwithstanding he was always opposed to my directing, met with his almost unqualified approval. My altered delivery of the overture, with which he was already familiar, alone proved an abomination to him. Here then operated the force of habit, forbidding everything, even to the hindrance of experimental inquiries, which offered, and which through my apprehension resulted in new phenomena; so that, to my surprise, I found I had lived to see the day when, after having gone to work in the most conscientious manner, and under the fullest conviction of being in the right, I was made to appear the most in error; and when I thought I had done what would give perfect satisfaction to a healthy taste, I was treated with utter indifference. In addition, I put another weapon into my adversary's hand; in certain passages where the antithesis of the principal subject rises to passion and vehemence—viz., towards the end, in the eight bars just before the last recurrence of the great unison passage—a more rapid gradation of *tempo* seemed to me indispensable, so that on the last entry of the principal theme, I was obliged to recur to the broad and measured *tempo* of the beginning, which was just as necessary here as elsewhere to maintain the character of this theme. To the critic, who only listened superficially, and comprehended not the intention, but only the material of the intention, it served as an argument conclusive of my erroneous view of the principal *tempo*, because towards the end I had again abandoned it. I saw from this that the critic must always have right on his side, because he strings together words and syllables, but fails to mark the spirit of them.

I had likewise to learn what was in truth the effect produced on this occasion upon the musician proper—the musician by profession. This I gathered in friendly intercourse with a well-known composer, then sojourning in Dresden. That there is no change of *tempo* throughout the overture, he was compelled to admit from the evidence of the original score; but maintained, as a solution of the difficulty, that a uniform *tempo* should be adopted from the very beginning:



but that that should be the rapid pace at which the mis-called *allegro* of the overture had been formerly played. This struck me as a capital device for those who will not see themselves or others weaned from prejudice, which, like the respect for this so often wrongly-played overture, serves in part as the basis of that authority upon which they grow fat, follow music as a profession, compose, conduct, and—criticise. But is there no shaking this position which they have taken up, certainly not for the sake of the master they pretend to love, but—rightly regarded—solely for their own sake, and that of their no more than useless existence? And, granting this alone, that up

till now a work has been held up as a model, to which the justice of a true estimate had not yet been once accorded, but, on the contrary, the most senseless disfigurement, are we to perpetuate the error, with the certainty before us that everything must right itself at last?

You see, my worthy friend, I have had much at heart, which as a musical *dilettante* I have felt constrained on this occasion involuntarily to unbosom myself of. To return to Mozart, whose ending to the *Iphigenia* overture lately caused me so much embarrassment that I was almost led to doubt whether a performance of it would give my Zürich friend a fair notion of Gluck's music. Uninitiated in the secrets of the peculiar constitution of musical art, I nevertheless recognised that even Mozart, as I have said, had only made acquaintance with the overture through this censurable and mutilated mode of performing it; and the clearest evidence that a disfigured performance must lead even the most genial of musicians to a false comprehension of a foreign work, that under other conditions is sure of its effect, is afforded also by the fact that Mozart certainly would not have written his brilliant but altogether inappropriate *coda*, if he had rightly understood the overture. What then was I to do? Compose a *coda* myself? That would be child's play for every professional musician, but not so for me, a poor *dilettante*, who prudently ventures to meddle with music only so far as tends to let me hope to realise its poetical intentions. Has then this overture of Gluck's really a poetical intention? Most certainly, and just of that kind which will not admit of an arbitrary musical *coda* of any kind. To me, a one-sided layman, the contents of this overture, as well as its whole artistic construction, seemed so highly characteristic and well defined, that the salient points of the drama which follows, as they work upon the feelings, are indicated with the happiest precision, and exhibited side by side. I say side by side because they can only be developed apart so far as each singly thereby makes itself most recognisable by the impression it conveys, that it agrees with its antithesis in close apposition to itself; so that, in fine, it is the efficiency of this close juxtaposition, and consequently the impression awakened by the foregoing "motive," acting upon the particular efficiency of the following "motive," which is in reality the determining influence of their signification. Hence the whole contents of this overture of Gluck's appeared to me to be as follows: first, a "motive" of invocation for deliverance from grievous affliction; secondly, a "motive" indicative of power, of imperious and excessive demands; thirdly, a "motive" of charm, of girl-like tenderness; fourthly, a "motive" betokening afflicting painful sympathy. The whole expansion of the overture contains nothing further than the continued alternation of these last three principal themes, connected together by passages derived from them; except as to the key, there is no further alteration, only their meaning and mutual relation always appear more affecting by the various and characteristic interchanges; so that at last when the curtain rises, and Agamemnon, with the first "motive," invokes the cruel goddess, who will not extend her favour to the Grecian army till after the sacrifice of his gentle daughter, we are able to participate in the fellow-feeling for a sublime tragic conflict, the development of which, from fixed dramatic "motives," we have now to await.

That this overture has no proper ending testifies, therefore, not only to the poetical intention which underlies it, but also to the master's superlatively artistic knowledge, which could determine to a nicety how much an instrumental work by itself can represent. Happily he did not aim at attaining by his overture more than, under the best circumstances, an overture can effect—viz., stimu-

lation. Had he, like masters of a later date, wished to conclude this introductory piece in a manner productive of contentment, he would not only have estranged himself from his artistic aim, which lay in the drama, but the instrumental piece itself, by the imposition of the most arbitrary acceptance upon the imagination of its hearers, would have been brought to a supposititious conclusion.

He who regards this overture particularly with a view to its performance at concerts, with its necessary musical *coda*, encounters the difficulty, so soon as he has rightly grasped its contents, of procuring a satisfactory conclusion, which, in accordance with the plan of the whole, and conformably with the originality of its "motives," shall not be far-fetched and arbitrary, or at the same time entirely remove and destroy the correct impression of the work. Should one of its "motives" attain to a prior rank in the mind, so that it force away the others, or overpower them as if in triumph? That would be easy work for all the jubilee-overture composers of our day. For my part, I felt that in this way I could give my friend no idea of Gluck's music, and to this alone my attempt is to be attributed.

Accordingly it seemed to me the best plan (and this came upon me all at once to help me out of the difficulty) altogether to dispense with the satisfactory ending, to which we are accustomed in overtures of the present day, and to bring the course of the alternating "motives" to a close, by recurring to the opening theme in such a way as to attain an amnesty, if not a perfect peace. Moreover, what elevating work of art is there, which is productive of perfectly contenting peace? Is it not one of the noblest results of the art generally, in the highest sense, only to stimulate?

It was a very favourable circumstance for my design that with the first scene of the opera the overture brings one back to the point from which it started. I therefore exercised the least arbitrariness in providing a purely musical link, inasmuch as I only adopted the master's original idea in such a manner as to bring the work to a simple close in the tonic. This close, which contains nothing whatever of my own invention, I now present to you. Should it seem good to you, you can, when convenient, make it public.* Perhaps some conductor or other of concert performances may share my view concerning this overture, which, by reason of its celebrity, often appears in concert programmes; perhaps also he will then follow my advice as regards the *tempo*, which, comprehended in my, and—as I believe I have clearly pointed out—in its right sense, legitimately suggests itself for its delivery. For the benefit of these, my wished-for colleagues in sentiment, I will only add that, on the last occasion of the work being performed in Zürich, I felt constrained from internal necessity, and in satisfaction of my own feelings, to adopt for the first eight bars of the introduction a very gradual *crescendo*, which in the following eleven bars subsided almost imperceptibly into an equally delicate *decrescendo*. The semiquavers in the grand *forte* passage for strings I directed to be played with as long a bow as possible. The tender passage:



delivered in accordance with the annexed marks of expression, seemed to gain a charm peculiarly its own, which at a quicker pace would be quite impossible. The third subject, and the transition to it, I executed thus:

* The re-production of this "close" Wagner now reserves for his forthcoming edition of the score of the entire overture.



Sundry other shades of expression, but which readily suggest themselves, occur in the connecting passages. The passage towards the end, where I felt myself urged to a passing acceleration of the *tempo*, I have already pointed out. But that all I have here specified should be carried out, not coarsely, but with the utmost delicacy, is here, as in all other similar subsidiary shades of expression, of the highest importance; one cannot, therefore, be too careful with such communications.

You will see then, worthy friend, from the hints I have offered in relation to a concert performance of one of Gluck's overtures, that though I usually wish to have nothing to do with concerts, I know how to adapt myself to circumstances. That I did not altogether undertake this out of consideration for the circumstances will be clear to you, when you have considered the inducements, as already pointed out, which led me to a performance of the *Iphigenia* overture. There was scarcely any other circumstance which prompted me to this communication, which I offer through you to none but those who are glad to receive a communication from me. But perhaps you may fancy it gives me pleasure hereby openly to rebuke those persons who think themselves obliged to treat and denounce me as a destroyer of our musical religion, and as one who shamelessly disowns the glories of the creations of the musical heroes of the past, by being the first to teach them—to their shame be it said—rightly to comprehend those heroes and their works; but you would thereby impute to me a false intention, because I am so little concerned for the shaming or indeed the instructing of these fortunates, either from dread of the fruitlessness of such an attempt, or also because it is a matter of such perfect indifference to me to learn what could be entered upon with them, that I have a great desire, in order to shield myself from such a position, most openly to declare, in conclusion, that it is my conviction that the most sensible plan would be altogether to abstain from bringing forward works by Gluck and his colleagues, chiefly for the reason, among others, that their works are generally executed in such a lifeless manner, that the impression they make, associated with the respect with which from our youth up we have been taught to regard them, only tends to confuse us the more, and must certainly diminish our own powers of production.

MENDELSSOHN: LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS.

BY FERDINAND HILLER.

(TRANSLATED BY M. E. VON GLEHN. LONDON: MACMILLAN AND CO. 1874.)

It would be interesting to know how far the due exercise of musical genius is directly dependent upon any education beyond that which may be said to be technical. Nobody could deny that as wide an education and as high

a cultivation as possible is desirable, and even useful; but how far it is absolutely essential—that is the question. To be a successful *littérateur*, it is not only necessary to possess the faculties of composition and taste, the gifts of wit and memory, but also to have a thorough acquaintance with literature both past and contemporary. Real greatness in painting depends upon much more than the true perception of colour and form; a great painter must be a good anatomist and a good physiologist. A man, to be truly scientific, must not only possess natural habits of close observation and succinct reasoning, but must also be a mental philosopher and psychologist. And yet these various abilities are, in addition to their original endowments, only part of the stock-in-trade of these artists—not gifts or genius—not education beyond what it is necessary for their work that they should know—but only stores of knowledge and information acquired for special purposes. It does not appear that to be a great poet it is necessary to be truly scientific; or that to be a great painter it would be advisable to be a great musician; and the interesting question (which we hope some day may be as ably and fully discussed as it ought to be) is—What is really essential in the education of a great artist, beyond the technical knowledge necessarily requisite, to enable him duly and thoroughly to exercise those gifts for which he is properly dependent upon no merely acquired knowledge at all? How far is it necessary to artistic greatness that a man should be, as the editor of the English edition of this book pleasantly puts it, “*many-sided*,” or, as Aristotle expresses it, a *τετραγώνος ἀνθρωπ*? That question, as far as Mendelssohn is concerned, may be answered some day, if any of his letters addressed to non-musicians are given to the world. We may then discover how far a liberal education, by stimulating and directing his thoughts, influenced also his compositions. That Mendelssohn’s education was tolerably comprehensive, we learn from “Devrient’s Recollections” of him, and from a “Sketch of his Life and Works” by Sir Julius Benedict. We learn how his mother “kept the children to their work with inflexible energy;” we learn how the father and mother together, during his preparation for the University at Berlin, and indeed throughout his early years, so insisted upon his taxing his energies to the utmost, as to produce that cerebral excitement and restlessness of disposition which we must suppose were in large part the cause of his early death. During the years 1827 and 1828, he was at the University at Berlin, where “the future composer of the music to the choruses of *Sophocles*” formed his mind and taste for the coming task by arduous application to philological studies. This enabled him to produce the first metrical version, in the German tongue, of the *Andria* of Terence. Goethe, in a letter to Zelter, acknowledging the receipt of a copy, charges him “to thank the excellent and industrious Felix for the splendid specimen of his literary labour, which would serve as an instructive recreation to the Weimar circle during the winter evenings.” Mendelssohn’s faculty for drawing was so great, that it has been supposed that, had he turned his attention to it, he might have been almost as celebrated as a painter as he is as a musician. Baur and Schubring the theologians, Kugler the art-critic, Heine the poet, and many other local and national celebrities were included in the society which met at the house of Abraham Mendelssohn his father; so that Felix Mendelssohn’s range of intellectual vision, and the breadth and geniality of view which he seems to have taken of most persons and things which came in his way, must have been stimulated and deepened by these surroundings.

We do not hear much of Mendelssohn’s early history in the book which Dr. Hiller has just given us. After

briefly recounting his first meeting with Mendelssohn, and Mendelssohn’s family, Dr. Hiller plunges at once into the task of setting before the public that aspect of his subject which, as he informs us in his preface, are Mendelssohn’s “relations to a true-hearted artist friend and comrade—if,” he adds, “I may be allowed thus to style myself.” It appears that Dr. Hiller had an especial object in bringing this book before the public, which was “that he [Mendelssohn], one of the brightest and most beautiful stars in the firmament of German art, is experiencing in his own country the attacks of envy, of want of comprehension and judgment, which can only bring dishonour on those from whom they proceed, for they will never succeed in detracting from the glory which surrounds his name.” We suppose that what is here alluded to are attacks upon Mendelssohn from a musical point of view, for against his character as a man not a word has ever been breathed. If it is to these that Dr. Hiller alludes, in one sense his book may be said to fail of its object, for it supplies no answer to those who offer depreciatory criticisms upon the compositions of his friend. But be this as it may, he has given us a very interesting account of one who is on all sides acknowledged to have been a most interesting character. It might be objected that the book is, as a whole, somewhat too rose-coloured and eulogistic. We do not ourselves think it equal for general interest, and for justice and impartiality combined with affection, to Herr Devrient’s delightful book, in which Mendelssohn’s characteristics as a man, and his qualities and peculiarities as a composer, are treated in the most admirable way. However, it is perfectly true, as Dr. Hiller states in his preface, that just as “the traits which different people seize in giving their personal recollections of a famous man will always be one-sided, in spite of the most truthful intention,” so every one who is to be just to the memory of a departed friend can only depict him in the light in which he appeared to the person writing about him; “and that it is only the biographer who, by putting everything together, all that he has seen and heard, or even guessed, can bring to light the individuality of the man in all its completeness and fullness of meaning.”

We may be content, however, with what we have got, even though it were to be wished that some of Mendelssohn’s letters containing his opinions of contemporary musicians had been included in the present volume; and we may certainly more than believe that all we are here told “may be received with the most implicit confidence.”

First and foremost, apart from Mendelssohn’s position as a musician, are his famous capabilities for writing the most charming and delightful letters upon all sorts of subjects. This characteristic of him is well portrayed in the present volume. Every one of its letters may be read (even when they relate to distinctly musical matters) by non-musicians with the greatest enjoyment. (And we must pay a special tribute of thanks to the translator, who certainly here, as in a former book, “*Goethe and Mendelssohn*,” seems admirably to have preserved the spirit of the German original, and therefore to deserve the gratitude of all English readers.) Take for instance this delightful specimen written from Düsseldorf to Dr. Hiller, who was then in Paris:—

“Remember me to Chopinotto, and let me know what new things he has been doing; tell him that the military band here serenaded me on my birthday, and that amongst other things they played his ♭ flat mazurka with trombones and big drum; the passage in G flat with two bass bassoons was enough to kill one with laughing. *A propos*, the other day I saw Berlioz’s symphony, arranged by Liszt, and played it through, and cannot imagine how you can see anything in it. I cannot conceive anything more insipid, wearisome, and Philistine, for with all his endeavours to go

stark mad, he never once succeeds; and as to your Liszt, with his two fingers on one key, what does a homely provincial like me want with him? What is the good of it all? But still it must be nicer in Paris than here, if it were only for Frau von S. (Frau von M.'s sister), who is really too pretty, and is now in Paris (here there's not a soul that's pretty). And then there's plenty of agreeable society (remember me to Cu villon, Sauzay, and Liszt, also to Baillet a thousand times; but not to Herr —, nor Madame —, nor the child; and tell Chopin to remember me to Eichthal), and it's always so amusing there; but still I wish you would come to Germany again."

Or this, written from Gravenhage, whither, in August, 1836, he went for the benefit of his health, and also, as Devrient tells us, to test by absence his growing attachment to Mlle. Jeanrenaud:—

"The sea here is as prosaic as it can possibly be anywhere; the sand-hills look dreary and hopeless, and one sees hardly any reflection in the water, because the level of the coast is so low; half the sea is just the colour of the shore, because it is very shallow at first, and only begins to be deep far out. There are no big ships, only middling-sized fishing-boats; so I don't feel cheerful; though a Dutchman caught hold of me to-day as I was running along the shore, and said, 'Hier solle se nu majestuosische Idee sammeln.' I thought to myself, 'It's a pity you are not in the land where the pepper grows, and I in the wine country.' One can't even be really alone, for here too there are musical people, and they take offence if you snub them. There are actually some Leipzig ladies who bathe at Scheveningen, and go about afterwards with their hair all down their backs, which looks disgusting, and yet you're expected to pay them attention. My only consolation is Herr von —, which shows how far gone I am; but he also is bored to death, and that is why we harmonize. He keeps looking at the sea as if he could have it tapped to-morrow if he chose; but that does not matter, and I like walking with him better than with the Leipzig ladies and their long hair. Lastly, I have to teach S.'s boy, help him with his Latin construing from Cornelius Nepos, mend his pens, cut his bread-and-butter, and make tea for him every morning and evening; and to-day I had to coax him into the water, because he always screamed so with his father, and was so frightened—and this is how I live at the Hague, and I wish I were at the Pfarreisen" (where lived Madame Jeanrenaud and her family).

These are two specimens of the delightful correspondence to be found in this volume, and indeed in every volume of which Mendelssohn forms the subject. Space will not allow us to quote further here, and it would be unwarrantably to attribute ignorance to our readers, to suppose them ignorant either of the charming letters written by Mendelssohn from Italy and Switzerland, or of his varied correspondence with his friend, Herr Devrient, which are to be found in the "Recollections" put forth by that gentleman.

Whatever rank may be assigned to Mendelssohn among composers, his worship of the ideal is patent enough. He would compose nothing to order, or for the sake of trade. Whatever he wrote must be due to inspiration, and prompted either by a subject or by natural inclination. There was no desire stronger in his mind, probably, than that of writing an opera, could he only have found a plot and libretto to his mind. Subject after subject, poem after poem, was proposed to him by Devrient, but each in turn was rejected because it did not appear to him suggestive, and because he always asserted that faith in a subject was the first condition from which a work of art should spring, and that it was a crime to art, and consequently to mankind, to enter upon a work without it. "Ever since I began to compose," he writes to Devrient, "I have remained true to my starting principle, not to write a page because no matter what public or what pretty girl wanted it to be thus or thus, but to write solely as I myself thought best, and as it gave me pleasure. I am aware that popularity is essential to an opera; nevertheless, it takes time before one stands sufficiently firm to be above all danger of being misled by external

considerations." And he writes to Hiller in the present volume:—

"I assure you it" (an oratorio Hiller was composing) "gives me the greatest desire and stimulus to follow your example, if only there were one true poet to be found in the world, and he were my friend. It is too difficult to find so much all at once. One would have to be driven to it. Germany is wanting in such people, and that is a great misfortune. Meanwhile, as long as I don't find any, I shift for myself; and I suppose one will turn up at last."

Readers of Mr. Planché's "Recollections" will remember that Mendelssohn was for a time enthusiastic about a libretto which was to be supplied by the former, but the book did not please him, and the work never was completed. It seems, however, as if even Mendelssohn's fastidiousness was in a measure overcome at last, and that we should have had the opera *Loreley* (the finale to the first act of which is familiar to all concert-goers) complete, had it not been for his last illness and death.

The following anecdote of Dr. Hiller's reveals very fully Mendelssohn's faithfulness in working out and perfecting his conceptions:—

"We wanted to hear something new of his own, and great was our astonishment when he played in the most lovely, charming, tender style, his string-quartet in A minor which he had just completed. . . . And then he played the *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture. He told me privately how long and how eagerly he had been working at it; how, in his spare time between the lectures at the Berlin University, he had gone on extemporising at it on the piano of a beautiful lady who lived close by. 'For a whole year I did hardly anything else,' he said; and certainly he had not wasted his time."

This book contains some characteristic traits of Mendelssohn's family life:—

"Sometimes he would amuse himself with doing little water-colour sketches, or he would read some poem of Goethe's, such as *Hermann and Dorothea* or *Iphigenie*. The first of these he was specially fond of, and he would go into raptures over the deep feeling which penetrates the most insignificant things in that wonderful work. He said one day that the line—

'Und es lobte darauf der Apotheker den Knaster'

was enough to bring tears into one's eyes. He would also get out Jean Paul sometimes, and revel in his humour; one evening he read aloud to me out of *Siebenkäs* for at least an hour. But sleep, in depression, or when weary, was always his best resource. Several times I found him lying on the sofa before dinner, ready dressed, having been asleep for hours, after which he would awake with a capital appetite. A quarter of an hour afterwards he would say, with the air of a spoiled child, 'I am still quite tired;' would lie down again, saying how delicious it was, stretch himself out, and in a few minutes be fast asleep again. 'He can go on in that way for two days,' Cécile said to me, 'and then he is fresher than ever.' . . . When our life had become a little quieter, so that we often spent the evenings at home, Mendelssohn proposed that we should improvise on given poems. We read and played in turns, each declaiming for the other, and found it a most amusing and exciting pastime. Heaven only knows how many poems of Schiller, Goethe, and Uhland had to serve us for musical illustrations."

Mendelssohn's kindness and fairness to his musical contemporaries, and his keen sense of injustice, may be instanced by the following anecdote:—

"When Chopin arrived in Paris, he met with a very kind reception from Kalkbrenner, who indeed deserved all praise as a most polished, clever, agreeable host. Kalkbrenner fully recognised Chopin's talent, though in rather a patronising way. For instance, he thought his *technique* not sufficiently developed, and advised him to attend a class which he had formed for advanced pupils. . . .

When Mendelssohn heard of this he was furious, for he had a great opinion of Chopin's talent, while on the other hand he had been annoyed at Berlin by Kalkbrenner's charlatanism. One evening at the Mendelssohns' house there, Kalkbrenner played a grand fantasia, and when Fanny asked him if it was an improvisation, he answered that it was. The next morning, however, they discovered the improvised fantasia published note for note under the title of 'Effusio Musica.' That Chopin, therefore, should submit to pass for a pupil of Kalkbrenner's seemed to Mendelssohn,

and with justice, to be a perfect absurdity, and he freely expressed his opinion on the matter. Meantime the thing soon came to its natural conclusion. Chopin gave a soirée at the Pleyel Rooms; all the musical celebrities were there; he played his E minor concerto, some of his mazurkas and nocturnes, and took everybody by storm. After this no more was heard of want of *technique*, and Mendelssohn had applauded triumphantly."

There seems to have sprung out of an account, given by Mendelssohn to Dr. Hiller, of the performance of an overture of the latter's, a pleasant controversy as to the origin and nature of the *development* of musical themes—Mendelssohn asserting that while talent and inspiration were in-born, treatment and development depended only, or mainly, upon the industry and perseverance of the artist.

"I dislike" (says Mendelssohn in his letter) "nothing more than finding fault with a man's nature or talent; it only depresses and worries, and does no good; one cannot add a cubit to one's stature, all striving and struggling are useless there, so one has to be silent about it, and let the responsibility rest with God. But in a case like the present, where all the themes, everything which is talent or inspiration (call it what you will) is good and beautiful, and impressive, and the development alone not good, then I think it may not be passed over; there I think that blame can never be misplaced; that is the point where one can improve oneself and one's work."

Don't tell me, it is so, and therefore must be so; I know perfectly well that no musician can make his thoughts or his talents different to what Heaven has made them; but I also know that if Heaven has given him good ones, he must also be able to develop them properly."

On this letter Dr. Hiller comments as follows:—

"It seems to me a mistake to consider after development as less dependent on original genius than the first discovery; for if this development rests only on what has been learnt and studied, if the qualities of poetical creation do not come into play in the same degree in both cases, if it is not fresh, living, original, it cannot make any impression. The cleverness and learning of the musician will always meet with due recognition, but can never make him pass for a great composer. One might even assert that in the union of musical thought and speculation with the vivid power of the imagination, a still higher degree of productive genius is called out than in the formation of the simple melodious idea; if indeed this latter, as soon as it passes beyond the most elementary forms, does not at once need the strongest chisel and the finest file."

Surely we may say that Mendelssohn and Dr. Hiller are both right—Mendelssohn in saying that much may be done in the way of developing original themes by pains, and perseverance, and practice; Dr. Hiller in saying that the highest powers of workmanship are almost identical with genius itself. Mendelssohn would seem to say that more than is supposed can be done by technique and the attending to rule, by trouble and patience; Dr. Hiller, that granting that position, there is a boundary beyond which mere labour will not create the highest forms of treatment. He well instances his point by alluding to the great masters, "in whom," as he justly remarks, "there are not a few cases where just the whole force of genius shows itself in works which have developed from comparatively unimportant germs."

There is one other point in this book to which we must allude in conclusion. We must agree with Dr. Hiller in saying that "perhaps a stronger, because a more independent, force of will is needed to produce great things out of wealth than out of poverty." It appears that the comfort and competence in which Mendelssohn lived are regarded as blemishes by many. We certainly admit that unless a man is obliged to work, he is not over-eager to do so, and perhaps not over-conscientious in respect of the quality of his workmanship. But that only makes it all the more creditable that one who had, as Mendelssohn had, so great temptations to neglect work, and almost no necessity at all to force him to it, should have laboured and striven as truly and as perseveringly as did the poorest artist who

ever wrought in a garret. When a man like Mendelssohn can labour so conscientiously in the elaboration of the very simplest song—when, in the pursuit of his ideal, he rejects so unhesitatingly all that falls short of it, and labours even unto death to attain it—we can but say with Dr. Hiller "that he deserves no less acknowledgment because he happens to be in a position free from all material cares, than if he were compelled to wait for the reward of his work in order to pay his debts."

It may be a matter of opinion whether or no this book can do anything to exalt Mendelssohn as a musical composer, but there is no doubt that it admirably portrays his genial, sunny, and playful nature. As such, any one may be glad to read it. It does not contain all that we want to know about him; but it contains much that is very amusing, and a great deal more that is very interesting. What makes books of this kind so pleasant is, that the subjects of them come before us as something more than mere professional abstractions—as human beings, as men.

A. D.

A FRENCH VIEW OF WAGNER AND HIS THEORIES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

(*R. Wagner et Tannhäuser à Paris.*)

I HAVE often heard the adversaries of Wagner bring forward, as reasons for doubting the greatness of his musical genius, the keen intelligence of the master, and his great powers of criticism. This seems to me to arise from a very common error, of which the source lies in that most unworthy of human sentiments, envy. "A man who reasons so much upon his art cannot spontaneously produce beautiful works," say those who would wish to deprive genius of its rationality, and who would limit its functions to those of pure instinct, and, so to speak, of vegetation. Others look upon Wagner as a theorist, who has produced operas for the sole purpose of verifying, *a posteriori*, the value of his own theories. Not only is this entirely incorrect—for the master, as is well known, began in very early youth to produce poetical and musical essays of different natures, and thus advanced by degrees towards the creation of an ideal lyrical drama—but it is also utterly impossible. It would be an entirely unheard-of event in the history of art that a critic should turn poet, it would be a subversion of all psychical laws, a monstrosity in fact; while, on the contrary, all great poets become, naturally and fatally, critics. I pity those poets who are guided by instinct alone; I believe them to be incomplete. In the spiritual life of any true poet, a crisis must infallibly occur in which he desires to reason upon his art, to discover the obscure laws in accordance with which he has produced, and to derive from this study a series of precepts of which the divine aim is the infallibility of poetical production. It would be amazing, were a critic to turn poet: it would be impossible for a poet not to be a critic. My readers, therefore, must not be surprised at my assuming that a poet must necessarily be the best of all critics. They who reproach Wagner the musician with having written books on the philosophy of his art, and who draw from thence the conclusion that his music cannot be a natural and spontaneous production, ought equally to deny that Vinci, Hogarth, and Reynolds, should have been able to produce good pictures, simply because they deduced and analysed the principles of their art. Diderot, Goethe, Shakespeare, are all as admirable critics as they are writers. Poetry existed—asserted herself—at the beginning, and it was she brought forth the study of rules. Such is the un-

doubted history of human labour. Now, since each of us is in miniature the whole world, since the history of one individual brain is but a smaller edition of the history of the universal brain, it would be but just and natural to suppose (even without the proofs which exist) that the elaboration of Wagner's ideas was analogous to the labour of humanity.

It is always possible to isolate for a moment the systematic portion which any great artist must inevitably introduce into all his works. There yet remains, in such a case, to ascertain and verify by what personal quality peculiar to himself he differs from others. An artist—a man really worthy of that great name—must possess something essentially *sui generis*, by virtue of which he is himself and no other. From this point of view, artists may be compared to savours of various sorts, and the repertory of human metaphor is perhaps not extensive enough to furnish an approximate definition of all the artists who are known, and of all those who would be possible. We have already noted that there are two men in Richard Wagner—the man of order and the man of passion. We are now discussing the man of passion and of sentiment. Even the least considerable of his works are so ardently imbued with his own personality, that it will not be difficult for us to ascertain his principal characteristic. From the beginning I had been forcibly struck by one consideration, which was, that in the voluptuous and passionate part of the overture to *Tannhäuser*, the artist had put forth as much strength, displayed as much energy, as in depicting that mysticism which characterises the overture to *Lohengrin*. The same ambition in the one as the other, the same Titanic elevation, as well as the same refinements, the same subtleties. It appears to me, then, that that which, above everything, unmistakably characterises the work of this master, is nervous intensity, violence of passion and of will. Such music expresses, in either the suavest or the most strident accents, all that lies most concealed in the heart of man. An ideal ambition presides, it is true, in all his compositions; but although, by the choice of his subjects and by his dramatic method, Wagner approaches antiquity, he is, by the passionate energy of his expression, the most truthful representant of modern nature. And all the science, all the efforts, all the combinations of this fruitful mind, are, in fact, only the very humble and very zealous servants of this irresistible passion. The result is a superlative solemnity of accent, in whatever subject he is treating. By means of this passion he invests everything with something indefinitely superhuman; by means of it he comprehends all things, and makes all things comprehensible. All that is implied by the words *will, desire, concentration, nervous intensity, explosion*, is felt, and makes its presence known in his works. I believe that I am neither deluding myself, nor misleading others, when I affirm that these are the principal characteristics of the phenomenon we call *genius*; or, at least, that if we analyse all that we have until now legitimately called *genius*, we shall recognise the above characteristics. As far as art is concerned, I confess that I am not averse to exaggeration; to me, moderation does not seem to betoken a vigorously artistic nature. I like these excesses of health, these overflowings of the will, which imprint themselves on such works, as the burning lava furrows the surface of the volcano, and which, in ordinary life, often characterises that blissful phase which succeeds a great moral or physical crisis.

As to the reform which the master wishes to introduce into the application of music to the drama, it is impossible to prophesy the result with any cer-

tainly. We may say in a vague and general way with the Psalmist, "He that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," but nothing else can be said that would not be equally applicable to the usual course of all human events. We have seen many things which formerly were declared absurd, afterwards adopted as models by the masses. The whole of the actual public of Paris must remember the energetic opposition which was at first encountered by the dramas of Victor Hugo and the paintings of Eugène Delacroix. Besides, we have already pointed out that the quarrel which now divides the public was a quarrel that had been forgotten and suddenly revived, and that Wagner himself had found in the past the first elements of the basis on which he constructed his ideal. One thing is certain, it is that his doctrine is peculiarly adapted to be the rallying-point of all the intelligent minds who wearied long ago of the errors of the opera, and it is not surprising that men of letters, more particularly, should have shown sympathy towards a musician who glories in being a poet and a dramatist. The writers of the eighteenth century, in the same manner, received the works of Gluck with acclamations; and I cannot help noticing that those persons who are the most antagonistic to Wagner's works, also show a decided antipathy towards those of his precursor. The question at issue—that is, the question of a reform of the opera—is not yet decided, and the battle still rages; appeased, it would break forth again. I have recently heard it said, that, should Wagner's drama obtain a complete success, it would be a purely fortuitous and individual result, and that his method would have no ulterior influence whatever upon the destiny and transformations of the lyrical drama. I believe myself to be justified by the study of the past—that is, by the study of the everlasting—to prophesy the absolute contrary; for this reason, that a complete failure in no wise destroys the possibility of making fresh attempts in the same direction, and that in the immediate future we might very well see not only new masters, but men who are already known and acknowledged, profiting by the ideas emitted by Wagner, and finally succeeding in passing through the breach made by him. F. E. O.

TRYING A HARMONIUM.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(From "*Les Grotesques de la Musique*,")

AN amateur, who had in many places heard the praises of M. Alexandre's harmoniums, wished to present one to the church of the village where he lived. "I am told," said he, "that these instruments have charming tones, the character of which, at once dreamy and full of mystery, renders them especially suitable to the expression of religious feeling; they are, besides, of a moderate price, and whoever knows a little of the piano can play them without difficulty. That will suit me exactly. But as one ought never to buy a pig in a poke, let's go to Paris and judge for one's self of the value of the praises lavished on Alexandre's instruments by the press of all Europe, and even by the American press also. Let us see, hear, and try, and we will buy afterwards if it seems well."

This prudent amateur comes to Paris, inquires for Alexandre's show-rooms, and loses no time in presenting himself there.

To understand what there is grotesque in the position he thought proper to take up after examining the harmoniums, it should be stated that Alexandre's instruments, besides the bellows which cause the reeds to vibrate with a current of air, are provided with a system

of hammers, intended to strike the reeds, and to shake them with the percussion at the moment when the current of air makes itself felt. The blow of the hammer renders more prompt the action of the bellows on the reed, and thus prevents the slight delay which would otherwise exist in the emission of the sound. Besides this, the effect of the hammers on the metal reeds produces a slight short sound, imperceptible when the bellows are in play, but which is heard distinctly enough when close to the instrument, if we confine ourselves to pressing down the keys.

This explained, let us follow our amateur to Alexandre's large show-room, in the midst of the harmonious population of instruments exhibited there.

"Sir, I wish to buy a harmonium."

"We will let you hear several, sir, and then you shall make your selection."

"No, no; I don't wish you to let me hear them. The brilliancy of the execution of your *virtuosi* can and must deceive the hearer as to the faults of the instruments, and sometimes even transform these faults into excellences. I wish to try them myself, without being influenced by any observation. Allow me to remain alone a short time in your show-room."

"As you please, sir; we will withdraw; all the instruments are open; examine them."

Thereupon M. Alexandre retires; the amateur approaches a harmonium, and without suspecting that in order to make it sound he must press with his feet on the bellows placed beneath the case, runs his hands over the key-board, as he would do in trying a piano.

He is astonished to hear nothing at first; but very soon his attention is attracted by the slight short sound of the mechanism of the percussion-action, of which I have spoken: cli, cla, pic, pac, tong, ting, nothing more. He redoubles his energy in attacking the keys: cli, cla, pic, pac, tong, ting, always. "It is incredible!" says he, "it is ridiculous!" How could this miserable instrument make itself heard in a church, no matter how small? And such machines are praised everywhere, and M. Alexandre has made a fortune by manufacturing them! It just shows how far the audacity of puffs and the bad faith of editors of newspapers will extend."

The indignant amateur, nevertheless, approaches another harmonium—two others—three others, to satisfy his conscience; but, always employing the same method of *trying* them, he always arrives at the same result—always cli, cla, pic, pac, tong, ting. He rises at last, completely enlightened, takes his hat, and makes his way to the door, when M. Alexandre, who had seen everything from a distance, runs up—

"Well, sir, have you made a choice?"

"Choice, by Jove! Your advertisements, your puffs, your medals, your prizes, impose finely on us country people! nice fools you must think us to dare to offer us such ridiculous instruments! The first condition of existence for music is that it shall be audible! Now your pretended 'organs,' that I have most fortunately tried for myself, are inferior to the meanest spinets of the last century, and have literally no tone!—No, sir, no tone! I am neither deaf nor a fool! Good morning!"

Foreign Correspondence.

MUSIC IN NORTH GERMANY.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

LEIPZIG, August, 1874.

MIDSUMMER is the general pause in the musical life of

our town. The first capellmeister at the theatre has his holidays in the months of July and August, as well as the first singers. The opera gains a subsistence by the engagement of companies from other towns, and offers nothing new or striking in its repertoires. The conservatorium is closed; the concerts which during the winter afford the greatest musical enjoyment are entirely discontinued in summer, and only now and then a concert, arranged for some benevolent purpose, breaks the silence of the regular summer holidays. To-day we have only to notice one single concert, given by the Academic Singing Society, Arion, at the Thomaskirche, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth year of its foundation. The programme consisted principally of compositions by the honorary members of this very excellent choral society, and, by special invitations, these pieces had been composed expressly for this festival. The pieces were: "Die Flucht der heiligen Familie" (The Flight of the Holy Family), text by Eichendorf, and composed by Carl Reinecke; a hymn, "Gott ist gross und allgütig," for men's voices, with an accompaniment of brass instruments, by S. Jadassohn; a "Salvum fac regem," for men's voices, with organ and string instruments, by W. Tschirch; and a hymn from the 65th Psalm by Stade. In addition to these, the concert brought other novelties, viz., "Ave maris stella," with organ, by Liszt, and songs à capella by Rietz and Richter. All these works were capitally executed. Of the works composed for the festival, the composition of Reinecke will shortly be published by Fr. Kistner, and the hymn by Jadassohn will be published by Linneman.

At last a successor to the late Ferd. David has been found in the person of his talented pupil Schradiek. The young man, who is about thirty-two years of age, has until now been conductor at Hamburg, and played already, several years ago, with great success, at the Gewandhaus Concerts. On the 1st of September he will enter on his duties as teacher at the conservatorium, at the same time taking his post at the theatre, and at the commencement of the winter season, he will officiate as concert-meister together with our meritorious Röntgen.

For the 31st of October of this year a rare fête is being prepared. Dr. Julius Rietz, widely renowned as a composer, director, and conductor, at the Dresden court opera, will celebrate on that day his fortieth anniversary as active conductor. This man (a true priest of art), who during this long period has served art with the most earnest and devoted love and fidelity, will be sure to meet with manifestations of sympathy from all quarters. But we will not neglect to draw the attention of the numerous pupils, friends, and admirers of Rietz to this forthcoming event.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

VIENNA, August 12th, 1874.

THE Conservatoire held its yearly examinations during the month of July, and again proved itself a well-trained institute. Founded in the year 1817 by the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, a society which had been founded a few years before, in 1813, it began on a very small scale, in a hired room, with a singing-class with twenty-four boys and girls. It was enlarged in 1821 with classes for violin, violoncello, the most important wind instruments, and the Italian language. There were only about a dozen professors—the piano and composition were regarded as secondary subjects. The highest salary was 1,000 florins Viennese (400 fl. C. M.). Up to the year 1826 nearly 600 pupils had been instructed, mostly in singing and violin playing. In 1832 the school was again enlarged, and

instructions were printed for the guidance of masters and pupils. In 1848, the politically-memorable year, the institute had the misfortune to be shut, and it was not re-opened till October, 1851. Herr Josef Hellmesberger, then a very young but clever musician, was nominated as artistic director, which place he has occupied till now. The Conservatoire at the end of the last scholastic year contained 620 pupils, of whom nearly 290 enjoyed the benefit of gratuitous teaching. The number of professors reached 39, who instruct in singing (solo, dramatic, chorus), violin, violoncello, and contra-basso, flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, trombone and trumpet, harp and organ, composition, counterpoint, and thorough-bass; history of music, and general musical instruction; dance and acting; Italian language, German language, declamation and poetry, and history of literature. The pupils who have finished their course, and leave the institute, receive the silver Gesellschaft-Medaille. The programme of the last public concert, July 30th, has been:—Fest-overture by Volkmann; Piano-concerto by Schumann (Gustav Levita); Violin-concerto in E flat, by Paganini (Bertha Hafft); Air from the *Messiah*, "Thus saith the Lord" (Jos. Staudigl); Concertstück by Schumann (Jos. Pottge). The soloists, now leaving the Conservatoire, executed their pieces with astonishing finish. The performance of the young Frä. Hafft and Herr Jos. Staudigl particularly received immense applause.

As the famous organist Johann Jacob Froberger was a member of the Imperial Hofkapelle, and has also visited London, it will interest you to hear that two letters in connection with him have been published in Prague by Dr. Edmund Schebek. The letters are dated Héricourt, June and October, 1667, and were written by the Duchess Sibylla, of Würtemberg, daughter of the Duke Joh. Friedrich, of Würtemberg. She was married to Leopold Friedrich, Duke of Mömpelgard (Montbelliard), in the year 1647, and lived then in Héricourt, department Haute Saône in France, where she offered an asylum to our organist, who was dismissed from the imperial court in Austria, by giving him an engagement as her music-master. The letters are addressed to Constantin Huyghens, Herr auf Zulichan, in Haag, first secretary and counsellor of the Prince of Orange. He was the father of the celebrated astronomer and mechanist, Christian Huyghens, to whom the world is indebted for some important discoveries in his branch of science. Regarding the visit of Froberger to London, Mattheson, in his "Grundlage einer Ehrenforte," says, *à peu près*:—"On his (Froberger's) way to visit London, he was twice robbed, by highwaymen and pirates, first between Paris and Calais, then between Calais and the English coast. He arrived in London in a poor dress, without a farthing in his pocket. He went directly to the Hof-organist, served him as bellows-blower, was cruelly treated for inattention to his duty, was discovered by a lady when playing on the organ, and on the lady telling the king who it was, he was invited to perform in presence of the whole court, and was much beloved and richly recompensed by the inhabitants of London." Mattheson says also that Froberger was born about the year 1635, and that he died at Mayence, some sixty years old. Now we learn by these letters, which speak with great veneration of the master, that he died much sooner, in 1667, on the 7th of May, at Bavilliers, a castle near Montbelliard (Mömpelgard). The doubt about his engagement as imperial Hof-organist causes our editor much trouble. Now, he says, it will not be difficult to find the necessary facts in the Hofstaats-Rechnungen in Vienna, as also the date of his birth. It is a pity that Hr. Dr. Schebek did not look in Köchel's "Die Kaiserliche Hof-Musikkapelle"

(Wien, 1869). He would have seen that the treasurer's accounts have been well made use of for that book. As regards Froberger, he was engaged for the first time from the 1st January till 30th September, 1637—and born 1635! the second time the 1st April, 1641, till October, 1645; and for the third and last time, 1st April, 1653, to 30th June, 1657, when he was dismissed. His salary was at first 24 fl., and after 60 fl., monthly. There have been in the same period (1637-1655) seven organists in the Hofkapelle—Joh. Albr. Platzer, Jac. Arrigoni, the famous Wolfgang Ebner from Augsburg, Froberger, Carl Ferd. Simonelli, Paul Neidlinger, and Marcus Ebner. On the whole the two letters form a small but interesting share in the biography of that celebrated man; they remind us of the very carefully written pamphlet by S. Ruf:—"Der Giegenmacher Jacob Stainer von Absam in Tirol." (Innsbruck, 1872).—To name also a book of the present day, I am happy to be able to inform you of a catalogue of the works of Franz Schubert, which will be shortly published by Schreiber (*ci-devant* Spina), in Vienna. Our careful and conscientious musical literary savant, Herr Gustav Nottebohm, is the editor—the best surety for its value.

Correspondence.

READING AT SIGHT.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—In your article on Mr. Hullah's Report, you remark (*inter alia*) that "a singer who has learnt on the Tonic Sol-fa system would find himself in difficulty on almost every page" in such a work as Brahms's Requiem. Permit me, as one who understands both notations, to ask whether an old notationist would not find the same difficulty? The more difficult the music, so much more must the reading of it be also; and the contention is, although the new notation does not do away with the difficulty of the music, whether it does not render the reading more simple and sure, which those who have had real practical experience are generally quite ready to admit. I enclose my card, and remain, yours truly,

Aug. 6th, 1874.

AMATEUR.

To the Editor of THE MONTHLY MUSICAL RECORD.

SIR,—I have often wondered why Handel's *Athalie* has not been performed here—a noble work, not abounding in difficulties, since it is one of the great master's earlier works. The objection may be that it has not been scored for the orchestra (in England); but such a difficulty may be easily overcome. Mrs. Trollope, in her book, "Vienna and the Austrians," speaks of witnessing a performance of this noble work at the Vienna Burg-theatre during the winter of 1836-1837, and observes, "that no one but Staudigl made a great impression." &c. This work has been rarely performed even in Germany—as far as I know, in Stuttgart; October 16, 1860, twice in Munich; and, November, 1861, in Münster (Westphalia). Otto Jahn, in his *Life of Mozart* (Seite 457, Band IV.), mentions an arrangement of *Athalie* for the orchestra by Van Swieten, which I have heard indifferently spoken of by several German conductors. J. O. Grimm, Musik-Director in Münster, has scored it capitolly, and to his arrangement I beg to draw the attention of all lovers of Handel's works. He uses the resources of a modern band most effectually. The orchestration is very beautiful, and strictly in accordance with Handel's indications. The accompaniments never preponderate, and are duly subordinated to the vocal parts. The brass instruments are used most sparingly; but where they are prominent, the effect is very fine. I do not know the publishers of Dr. Grimm's scores but I should think that you, sir, could give the desired information. J. O. Grimm is known in Germany as a composer of merit, who has written many songs, also a symphony for the orchestra.—I have the honour to remain,

Your obedient servant,

Prestwich, Aug. 25, 1874.

CHARLES KROLL LAPORTE.

Reviews.

Concerto pour Violon. Par EDOUARD LALO. Op. 20. Partition. Paris: G. Flaxland.

THE present work was heard for the first time in this country on

the 18th of May last, at the fourth Philharmonic concert of the past season, on which occasion it was performed by Senor Sarasate, to whom it is dedicated. Owing to its great novelty, both of form and idea, it failed to make any very great impression on the audience as a whole; though some of its hearers, our own reporter among others, were greatly struck by it. For ourselves we must say, in justice to the composer, that we like it much better after a careful examination of the score than we did on hearing it for the first time, without any previous acquaintance with it. Many of the points which escaped notice at performance, or which sounded diffuse and incoherent, became perfectly intelligible on reading the work.

The first impression produced by the concerto is that of great originality, both of theme and treatment. With the exception of a short prelude of ten bars, in which the passages for the solo instrument are of a recitative character, the work is, as regards the division of its movements, cast in the ordinary form, and comprises an *allegro*, *andantino*, and final *allegro con fuoco*. It is, however, curiously enough, divided into two parts, the second beginning with the slow movement. The object of this is not very clear, for if only part of the work is selected for performance, the player would almost naturally make the division for himself at the place indicated.

The first *allegro*, in the key of F major, begins with a short *tutti* for the orchestra, in which, instead of the customary exposition of the leading themes of the movement, only a few of these are hinted at. The principal subject is announced at the eleventh bar by the solo violin, and is of remarkable breadth and freshness. Its continuation by the orchestra leads to the key of F minor; and here it should be mentioned that the alternation of major and minor keys throughout the whole constitutes one of its prominent features. Very brilliant and showy passages for the soloist, with much unusual, sometimes even harsh, harmony in the accompaniment, bring us to the second subject. The harshness of the harmony of which we have just spoken arises from the composer's partiality for augmented and diminished intervals, and what are known as chromatically altered chords; and the frequency of their employment is another characteristic of the work—we cannot but think also one of its weak points. Such chords are like the seasoning to the musical dish, and should be introduced with much discretion. There are parts in this concerto in which the introduction of a dozen simple chords would have produced a feeling of repose which would have been most grateful to the hearer. As it is, the predominant tone of the work is one of passion—from one point to another we are hurried along with scarcely a moment's breathing-time. The second subject, a truly charming melody, given in the first instance to a solo violoncello, is in D major, instead of the dominant of the original key of F. The developments which follow, founded for the most part on materials which have already been met with, are ingenious and interesting. The first and second subjects return in due course, though the form of the whole movement is so very "free" as to render it in places difficult to follow; and the first *allegro* ends, not in the key of F major, in which it commenced, but in F minor. This close produces an unsatisfactory impression, which will be heightened if the first part of the work be performed separately.

The *andantino* in B flat which follows is the most readily appreciable portion of the concerto on a first hearing. It is, in fact, a romance for the solo instrument, set off by delicate and tasteful orchestration. We here meet with the only reminiscence—perhaps it would be more just to the composer to say "accidental coincidence"—to be met with in the piece. The chief theme, both in melody and harmony, has a strong resemblance to No. 17 ("Wie aus der Ferne") of Schumann's "Davidsbündler." The similarity, however, does not extend beyond the opening phrase. The tranquil feeling of the whole movement is in most grateful contrast to the storm that has raged with more or less violence during the first *allegro*, and which breaks forth with redoubled fury in the finale. This movement commences in F minor, with a wild prelude for the full orchestra, remarkable for the frequent introduction of dissonances. The chief subject announced by the solo violin is very original and striking. After a perfect cadence in F minor, the music changes abruptly to F major, in the dominant of which key the second subject is introduced. The first half is a vigorous phrase for full orchestra, with an entirely new rhythm; the second half, a charming, and really haunting *cantabile* phrase for the solo instrument (page 85 of the score), which is, besides, as fresh as it is beautiful. We have not space to enter into details as to the rest of the movement, which is treated in the ordinary concerto form, and which brings the work to a worthy conclusion, but will merely add a few general words. The solo part is throughout of great difficulty. M. Lalo shows particular partiality for passages of rapid triplets, which both in the first and last movements are of very frequent occurrence. It is curious that throughout the entire concerto hardly any use is made of "double stops;" with the exception of one

passage in chords, on page 34 of the score, there is nothing but an occasional single chord to be met with in the whole work. The chief difficulty to the player arises less from the rapidity of the passages—though many of these require a very good left hand—than from the suddenness of the modulations, and the consequent demand for the greatest purity of intonation, even in the highest positions.

One word, in conclusion, as to the instrumentation. The composer has given such importance to his orchestra, that the work may almost be said to be a symphony in three movements, with violin obligato. The treatment of the instruments throughout shows a thoroughly practised hand; and a novelty of colouring is given to the finale by the addition of a triangle (which is used with great discretion) to the ordinary full score. We recommend the concerto to violinists as an interesting addition to their repertoire; though it may be doubted whether, owing to its great novelty of style, it will ever attain any very great popularity. As the work of an original and thoughtful musician, it is worthy of attention.

Catechism of Music. By J. C. LOBE. *Catechism of Composition.* By J. C. LOBE. Translated by Fanny Raymond RITTER. Augener & Co.

JOHANN CHRISTIAN LOBE, the author of these two little catechisms, is one of the most remarkable instances of the possibility of an enthusiastic and earnest musician attaining real distinction without having enjoyed the advantages of thorough instruction. Speaking of this point at the end of his "Catechism on Composition," he says: "I never received any verbal instruction in composition; all that I have accomplished as a composer was done with the aid of books alone. . . . The principal points in study are, first, to thoroughly understand every rule, and then to exercise one's self in these so completely that an entire mastery over them is attained." How far the author has himself succeeded in obtaining the entire mastery over his subject of which he speaks may be seen from his excellent "Lehrbuch der Musikalischen Komposition," a large work in four octavo volumes, which ranks as a standard authority on the subject of which it treats, and which testifies alike to its author's talent and industry. Containing, however, upwards of 2,000 closely printed pages, it is far too voluminous for general use, and the present smaller works from the same pen are likely to meet with a much larger measure of acceptance.

It is very difficult, within any reasonable limits, to give a fair account of the contents of these little catechisms, because they are so condensed, and contain such a large amount of instruction in the smallest possible compass, that further compression is hardly practicable. The "Catechism of Music" begins with the usual rudimentary instructions as to notes, time, keys, &c., and then proceeds to the elements of harmony and thorough bass. We then find chapters on the basis of musical ideas, a survey of the chief instrumental forms of composition, figuration, imitation, fugue, canon, double counterpoint, &c.; and the catechism concludes with chapters on pure vocal and pure instrumental music, the organ, artistic performance, and on "score." Of course, within the limits of 126 pages, these subjects could not be otherwise than most briefly treated; but the explanations, though concise, are particularly clear and intelligible.

The catechism on composition is somewhat more extensive, and perhaps even more valuable. It necessarily goes over again a certain amount of ground covered by the first catechism, and it embraces not only instruction in harmony, but also lessons on musical form. This latter portion of the work will be a great boon to students, because, with the exception of Hamilton's little "Catechism on Musical Ideas," much of which is more suitable to the past than to the present stage of musical development, we know of no work, excepting such large treatises as those of Lobe and Marx, or Czerny's "School of Practical Composition," in which the subject is treated. The whole question of thematic development, on which the effect of instrumental music especially so largely depends, is handled in an admirable manner, and illustrated with examples from Haydn and Beethoven, which put the whole matter before the learner in the clearest possible way. The portion of the work which treats of harmony is more polemical in its tone, especially in the chapters on "changing tones," and "passing or seeming chords." A discussion of the points in dispute would lead us too far; it must suffice to say that Herr Lobe advances nothing for which he is unable to give a reason.

The English translation of both catechisms is exceedingly well done. There is, however, just one word that needs alteration. The term "cross-stand," as a translation of the German "Quer-stand," is not used in English—possibly it may be in America. The proper rendering is "false relation."

We can heartily recommend both works, and especially the

second, both as text-books for teachers, and as guides for those who wish for self-instruction.

The School of Sight-singing: Practical Method for Young Beginners. By J. CONCONE. Followed by a Series of Favourite Melodies, serving as Solfege. Arranged and edited by B. LÜTGEN. Augener & Co.

THERE is really very little that it is necessary to say about this book, because Sig. Concone's excellent vocal exercises are too well known and too popular to need any recommendation from us. Beginning with simple scales and exercises in the various intervals, the work advances by well-graduated steps to more difficult studies, both as regards notes and time. The favourite melodies at the end of the book include specimens by Weber, Haydn, Lulli, Klein, Winter, Mendelssohn, Dalayrac, Schubert, Nægeli, and Werner, some of which are well known and popular, others being less familiar but not less interesting; besides various popular songs ("Volklieder"). These little pieces have the advantage of being more interesting to the pupil than those which possess no further claim on his attention than is to be found in the fact of their being improving as vocal exercises.

SHEET MUSIC.

PIANOFORTE.

WE have first to notice a number of reprints, by Augener & Co., of classical works, which, being reprints, do not require any detailed notice. First come *Six Easy Pieces*, by J. N. HUMMEL, Op. 42—short movements, which are admirably suited for young players, being improving alike to their fingers and their taste. They may be classed with the sonatinas of Clementi and Kuhlau. Herr Pauer's careful fingering is a valuable feature of the present edition. *Twelve Short Pieces*, by JOSEPH HAYDN, may be classed with the above in point of difficulty, and will also be found most useful for not very advanced pupils. They differ, however, from Hummel's little pieces, in the fact that, instead of being originally written for the piano, they are for the most part arrangements from symphonies, &c. *Twenty Easy Pieces in C*, by CHARLES CZERNY, are intended for a still lower grade of proficiency, being designed for pupils who are hardly through the instruction-book. They are very simple, and tuneful enough to be adapted to the capacity of young children, for whom they can be recommended. *Sonatina in C*, and *Rondo*, in the same key, by D. STEIBELT, are also two very easy teaching-pieces, suitable for pupils whose taste is developing, but whose command over the mechanism of the key-board is but limited. DUSSEK's *Rondo on a Russian Air* is one degree more difficult than the pieces last named, but is still intended for comparative beginners rather than for advanced players. The theme selected by the composer is the same as that which Beethoven has treated in his well-known variations in A on "La Danse Russe."

From Dussek to Liszt is a wide step, and the next piece before us is *Rhapsodie Espagnole, pour Piano*, par F. LISZT (Leipzig: C. F. W. Siegel). This piece is a grand concert fantasia, founded on Spanish melodies of a strongly-marked character. It is designed for none but first-class pianists, for whom mechanical difficulties no longer exist, but with the requisite amount of technical skill can be made both effective and attractive. This was sufficiently shown by Dr. von Bülow, who, on his last visit to this country, played it at one of his recitals.

Albumblatt, Elfenreigen, and Three Caprices, by CARL WILHELM (Offenbach: J. André), display more routine than invention. They are well constructed, excepting perhaps the first of the three caprices, which, being built almost entirely on one phrase of four bars, and remarkable for the poverty of its developments, becomes extremely monotonous before its close; but in no case are the ideas presented of any special interest or novelty. The pieces belong to the large class of respectable mediocrities.

Capriccio giocoso, für Pianoforte, componirt von JOSEF RHEINBERGER, Op. 43 (Leipzig: C. F. W. Siegel), is far superior to the pieces just noticed. Herr Rheinberger has abundance of ideas, besides knowing how to use them to the best advantage; and he has here produced a thoroughly good piece of music, which makes no very great demands on the player. The applicability of the epithet *giocoso*, however, does not seem to us to be particularly obvious.

The War Cry, Galop, by EDOUARD DORN (Augener & Co.), is one of this writer's showy and effective little drawing-room pieces. If not better, it is certainly not worse than scores of others from the same pen, and it may therefore be safely recommended as a teaching-piece.

Thirty Favourite Melodies, arranged for the Piano by WILLOUGHBY DALE (Augener & Co.), may be described as a companion work to the various instruction-books. The various melodies are English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish, and an enumeration of the first half-dozen will give a fair idea of the contents of the whole. They are "Auld Lang Syne," "Bonnie Dundee," "The Merry Month of May," "The Curly-headed Ploughboy," "The British Grenadiers," and "The Girl I left behind me." We need only add that the pieces are as easy as they are short, and therefore in both respects suitable for young players.

The March of Friendship, for the Pianoforte, by WILLIAM BEEBY GRAHAM, Op. 21 (London: Wilkie, Wood, & Co.), proves once more how difficult it is to write a really good march. The present one is neither better nor worse than many others, though there is occasionally an awkwardness in the harmonies that one hardly expects to meet with in an "Op. 21."

Rondo on Halévy's "Le Guitarrero," for the Pianoforte, by STEPHEN HELLER (Augener & Co.), should have been entitled "Rondos," as two quite distinct pieces are included. Both are easy, pleasing, and suitable as teaching-pieces, though neither is so characteristic of the writer as many of his other works.

VOCAL MUSIC.

The 24th Psalm—"The Earth is the Lord's," composed by LOUIS SPOHR; adapted to the English version from the original German MS. by W. T. FREEMANTLE (Novello, Ewer, & Co.). This posthumous work of Spohr's is now, we believe, published for the first time. It is written for four-part chorus, with solo quartett. Whether the accompaniment was originally for the orchestra, does not appear. The psalm is distinguished by Spohr's general characteristics—flowing melody and refined harmony, with a strong "chromatic" tendency occasionally showing itself. This mannerism of the author's is, however, less conspicuous in this work than in many other of his compositions; and the whole anthem presents no difficulties which a fairly-trained church choir cannot, by a moderate amount of practice, overcome. The English adaptation of the text by Mr. Freemantle is neatly and skilfully done.

The Music of the Soul, Song, by HERBERT BAINES (London: E. C. Boosey), is chiefly remarkable for beginning in the key of a flat, and ending in G major. In the accompaniment, moreover, the rules of harmony are more honoured in the breach than in the observance.

Love in the Olden Time, Song, by HILDEGARD (Birmingham: Adams & Beresford), is a tuneful little song, of no great originality, either in melody or harmony.

Concerts, &c.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE late date in the month on which it fell—July 25th—together with an unusually long concert report, obliged us to postpone our notice of the annual public concert of this Institution from our last to our present issue. We are not sorry for this, because it enables us to treat it more at length than we could then have done, when we were suffering more from a deluge of concerts than from the present dearth of musical entertainments. To all who have a care for the progress of musical art in England, the annual concert given for the exhibition of the students of our one representative national educational musical institution has a special interest. Though we cannot but regret that, in consequence of the small assistance received from Government, the scope of the operations of our Royal Academy of Music is by no means commensurate with its national importance, it is unquestionable that the instruction imparted at it is, as far as it goes, both sound and comprehensive. That we are more dependent upon this institution for teachers, instrumentalists, and vocalists, than is generally supposed, might conclusively be proved by the long list which might easily be furnished of those who have attained to eminence in the musical profession after having been educated within its walls. It will be remembered that but a few years ago the Royal Academy of Music seemed to be on the point of collapsing; it is satisfactory to find that the effort then made by the professors and others interested in its welfare not only met with an immediate success as the result of an appeal to the public, but with one which has since proved progressive. This was made very apparent at the concert under notice. Of late years the number of the students has vastly increased, and this to such an extent that for some time past the premises in Tottenham Street have been found inadequate for their regular monthly

concerts, and they have consequently been given in the Hanover Square Rooms. Formerly it was a subject of complaint that, though such instruction was offered, no pupils presented themselves for instruction on the violin and other orchestral instruments. At present the very reverse is the case. On the late occasion the orchestra, led by M. Sainton, consisted entirely of past and present pupils of the institution, the number of present pupils largely predominating. In the band of 53 executants, conducted by Mr. Walter Macfarren, there were no less than 31 present students, and what is more remarkable, four of them were ladies—three playing among the first violins and one blowing a clarinet. On entering the room we heard it remarked, "This looks something like Leipzig." Be this as it may, it was satisfactory to see so goodly an array of instrumentalists and chorists, which necessitated an enlargement of the platform, and an audience more numerous than could be comfortably accommodated with seats. The programme, which had evidently been drawn up with a view to exhibit the general proficiency of the students rather than the exceptional talent of a few, and therefore unavoidably a long one, was as follows:—

- Overture in D (MS.), (Dans les Bois)... .. A. H. Jackson.*
 Rondo, in B minor—Pianoforte Mendelssohn.
 Miss McCarty (Bronze Medallist, 1873).
 Selection from Motett (MS.), Psalm xiii. Oliveria Prescott.*
 Soprano Solo, "But my trust is in Thy mercy."
 Chorus, "My heart is joyful."
 Chorus, "I will praise the name of the Lord."
 Solo, Miss Jessie Jones (Silver Medallist, 1873).
 Organ, Mr. Walter Fitton (Silver Medallist, 1872).
 Rondo, from Concerto in E flat—Pianoforte... .. Julius Benedict.
 Mr. Eaton Fanning (Silver Medallist, 1872).
 Concerto, in A—Violin Sainton.
 Mlle. Gabrielle Vaillant.
 Sacred Song (MS.), "Who shall ascend" Corder.*
 Miss Marian Williams.
 Concerto, in E flat (First movement)—Pianoforte Beethoven.
 Miss Martin (Bronze Medallist, 1872).
 Aria, "Voi che sapete" ("Nozze di Figaro") Mozart.
 Miss Nessie Goode (Silver Medallist, 1873).
 Concerto, in D minor (Last two movements)—
 Pianoforte Mendelssohn.
 Miss Troup (Silver Medallist, 1873).
 Concerto, in E minor (Last movement)—Violin Spohr.
 Mr. Palmer.
 Nocturne, in F minor } Pianoforte Chopin.
 Study, in C }
 Sonata, in D, No. 5—Organ Mendelssohn.
 Andante. Andante con moto. Allegro maestoso.
 Master Speer (Sterndale Bennett Scholar).
 Song, "When I remember" G. A. Macfarren.
 Miss Emma Beasley (Westmorland Scholar and Bronze Medallist, 1873).
 Septett, in D minor, for Pianoforte, Flute, Oboe,
 Horn, Viola, Violoncello, and Contra-Basso
 (First Movement) Hummel.
 Miss Ludovici (Bronze Medallist, 1873), Mr. Jensen, Mr.
 Horton, Mr. C. Harper, Mr. Amor, Mr. Walter Pettit,
 and Mr. White.
 Andante from Symphony in B minor (MS.)... .. Florence Marshall.*
 Duet and Chorus, "I waited for the Lord" (Lobge-
 sang) Mendelssohn.
 Miss Mary Davies (Welsh Choral Union Scholar) and Miss Marie Duval.
 Concerto, in F minor (first movement)—Pianoforte W. Sterndale Bennett.
 Miss Whitaker.
 Song, "Honour and Arms" (Samson) Handel.
 Mr. Wadmore (Bronze Medallist, 1872).
 Concerto, in E flat (first movement) Moscheles.
 Miss Burroughs.
 Graduale, "Quod in orbe" Hummel.

The pieces marked with an asterisk denote the compositions of present students, and, if not so numerous as those brought forward last year, are highly creditable to their respective authors, and promise well for their future. No less ambitious, and at the same time on the whole satisfactory, were the essays of the instrumentalists. It should be noted, however, that it is evidently still the aim of the Academy to conserve the style of pianoforte playing of J. B. Cramer and his disciples, in preference to the more highly-developed school of later times. This was made very apparent by the general style of the pupils' playing, unless to some extent an exception may be made in favour of M. Boutenof, whose leaning towards Chopin, however, can hardly be the result of his Academy training. It was very satisfactory to find violin-playing so well represented by Mlle. Gabrielle Vaillant and Mr. Palmer, both pupils of M. Sainton. No less satisfactory was the organ-playing of Mr. Speer, though he was the sole representative of this noble instrument. The vocalists, too, acquitted themselves very creditably, if not surprisingly well.

During a pause towards the close of the concert the medals and prizes awarded to the students were distributed by Mme. Sainton, a few kindly and complimentary words having been first said by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett to this lady in thanks for her

kindness in undertaking such a task, and to the professors of the Academy in recognition of the zeal and energy on their part which have brought such efficiency to the institution.

The following is the prize list:—

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

Silver Medals.—Llewellyn Bagnall (singing), Emma Beasley (singing), Beata Francis (singing), Eliza J. Hopkins (pianoforte), Annie J. Martin (pianoforte), Isabella McCarty (pianoforte).

Bronze Medals.—Edith Brand, Mary E. Boole, Margaret Bucknall, Clara Buley, Janie Burroughs, Clara Daniel, Julia de Nolte, Ellen Edridge, Ellen Hancock, Helen Pamphilon, Gabrielle Vaillant.

Books.—Catherine Beaumont, Alice Borton, Grace Bolton, Fanny Boxell, Mary E. Butterworth, Julia Chute, Alice Chapman, Maria Combs, Annie Doorly, Marie Duval, Emily M. Edger, Lita Farrar, Marion Green, Constance Harper, Catherine Kaupp, Alice Newall, Anna Maria Osborne, Harriet Robeson, Elizabeth L. Rothwell, Mary E. Webb, Marian Williams, Mary Jane Williams, Jane Whitaker.

Letters of Commendation.—Clara Cooper, Lucy Ellam, Mary Jane Franklin, Julia Kirk, Clara E. Lilwall, Kate Lyons, Aurelia Oertling, Maria Pascoe Pearce, Anna M. Roby, Julia Searle, Maria Tate.

Sterndale Bennett Prize (Purse containing Ten Guineas), Alice Mary Curtis.

Parepa-Rosa Scholarship (Two Years' Free Education in the Institution).—Awarded to Anne Elizabeth Bolingbroke.

Parepa-Rosa Gold Medal.—Nessie Goode.
Westmorland Scholarship (Ten Pounds towards the cost of a Year's Instruction).—Emma L. Beasley (Re-elected in December last).

MALE DEPARTMENT.

Silver Medal.—George Palmer (Violin).

Bronze Medals.—William W. Bampfylde, Eugene W. Boutenof, Joseph A. Breeden, Arthur H. Jackson, Charlton Speer, Dudley Thomas.

A Prize Violin Bow (Kindly given to the Institution by Mr. James Tubbs, of Wardour-street).—Ladislas Szczepanowski.

Books.—Haydon Aldersey, Arthur Jackson, Alexander G. Jopp, Henry W. Little, Thomas Silver.

Sterndale Bennett Scholarship (Two Years' Free Education in the Institution).—Awarded to Master Charlton Speer.

Potter Exhibition (Twelve Pounds towards the cost of a Year's Instruction).—Awarded to Walter Fitton.

Musical Notes.

MR. W. A. BARRETT, Mus. Bac., has been appointed assistant examiner to Mr. John Hullah by the Committee of the Council of Education. The appointment is in every way a most satisfactory one.

HERR C. A. EHRENFECHESTER, who comes from the Stuttgart Conservatorium, gave a very successful concert at the Beethoven Rooms on July 28th. He was assisted by Herren C. Pollitzer (violin), and C. Schuberth (violinello), and the singers were Mmes. E. de Waldeck and A. Barnett. The programme was well selected, and the performers were rewarded with great applause by a select and enthusiastic audience. Herr Ehrenfechter himself especially sustained also on this occasion his well-merited reputation as an excellent pianist.

MR. R. F. HARVEY has announced his intention of giving at various watering places during the present autumn the musical entertainment entitled "Lecture on National Music," which he recently gave with much success in London.

WE understand that the fine band of the Scots Fusilier Guards, under the direction of Mr. Van Maanen, has been offered an engagement for twenty concerts to be given at New York and Boston.

WE are glad to learn that the efforts which have been made for the establishment of a resident orchestra in Glasgow appear to have been completely successful.—The *Glasgow Herald* of the 6th ult. gives a report of a meeting of the committee appointed for this purpose, at which it was stated that a guarantee fund of nearly £4,000 had been raised towards this object, and that the larger part of the orchestra was already engaged.

THE Tonic Sol-Fa College has recently held a very successful summer session in Glasgow.

PROGRAMMES have been forwarded to us from Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S., of the music school of Mr. J. de Zielinski, which, as far as can be judged from the prospectus, seems a very admirable institution. A special feature of the instruction is the giving of fortnightly chamber-music soirées, at which the works of the new German school seem to be in especial favour.

ORGAN APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Jacob Bradford, Mus. Bac. Oxon—formerly of St. James', Hatcham, has been appointed organist and director of the choir of St. Paul's, Paddington. Mr. J. H. Spinney has been appointed organist of Sarum St. Edward.